THE CHILD'S PAPER

Suffer little Children to come unto me.

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For The Child's Paper.

AMOS AND HIS BOSSY.

Never did I feel prouder or richer than when father said, "Amos, I guess I shall give you Bossy; that calf shall be called yours." He was mending a yoke in the old barn door, while I his eldest boy was watching Bossy's frisky movements in the yard. Bossy behaved as if it was a very pleasant thing to have four nimble legs to caper round with. And so it is. Much as I loved her before, after father said this, I loved her a great deal better. "Nep," I said, "Nep, that's *my* calf; see that you don't dog her." Nep wagged his tail as much as to say, "I understand." To my five younger brothers and sisters I was not slow in telling the news that "Bossy was *my* calf; father said so."

"Mother," I cried, "please look out the window and see this calf. Well, she's *mine*. Bossy is mine." "Nice calf," answered mother, peeping pleasantly out of the dairy window; "I suppose you will let me churn your butter for you." "Hurrah! Yes, mother," I shouted at the funny thought. We had the "old cow," Bossy's mother, "Star," a two-years' old heifer, and Bossy; besides these, our barnyard contained a yoke of oxen, a horse, a few sheep, and a plenty of fowl. These, with six children, made quite a family to be stabled and fed at our small hill-side farm.

The next person to be informed of my good news was Joshua Pepper. Joshua and I were schoolmates, always on the best of terms. School did not keep then, and his farm was three miles off. However, I made out to see him, and squatting down under the old ash in his pasture, I set him guessing out my good fortune. "Well," he said, after many unsuccessful attempts, "if 't is n't a new knife, I 'll give up. Tell me." "No, no," I cried, roisteringly, "no. It is a *calf*, our Boss. Father gave it to me. It 's *mine*, old fellow." "*Yours*, Amos!" he looked delightfully incredulous. "Why, it 's real good in your father. I suppose you know I got a lamb. And now, Amos"—he stopped, and twitched me by the sleeve, as if a great thought was striking him—"Will the calf's calves be yours? That 's it. Will Bossy's Bossies be yours too? You 'll have a drove soon, Amos." Respect and admiration twinkled in his little grey eyes as he glanced at me: "Yes, a *drove* soon." "I shall; sha'n't I? A drove!" I cried, starting on my feet. "Now have it understood," said Joshua with a knowing and confidential look. "Tell him, as Boss is yours, her calves will be yours too, no mistake." "I will, that 's a fact," feeling in full force that two heads are better than one.

No time offered to settle this important item until the next morning, when I tumbled out of bed by daylight, and bounded into the kitchen, where the fire was already snapping on the hearth. "Father," I shouted lustily. He had gone to the barn. "Father," I cried, scampering after him with my trousers half on, "father, will Bossy's children be mine or yours? Can't my calf's calves be *mine*, father?" "We 'll see about that when the time comes," he answered quietly, and as quietly milking on. "Well, father, but if Bossy is mine, I don't see why her calves ar'n't mine, all Bossy's cows. They are mine; are they not, father?" "Perhaps so; but better wait till they come, Amos." Father's "perhaps so" was about equivalent to "yes;" therefore I immediately felt myself the master of a drove, a fine drove of fat cattle, for my boyish fancies were as vivid as my eyes were large. I longed to race over the hills and tell Joshua. As that could not be, I contented myself with strutting round Boss, patting her sides, examining her flanks, until altogether forgetting the dignity fit to the master of a drove, I suddenly threw my arms round her neck and kissed her. In coquettish surprise, Bossy kicked up her heels, and switching her tail, I was quite willing to let go of her. The rest of the day was spent in generous appropriations of my prospective stock. Every brother and sister should have a pick—a calf to one, and a calf to another, theirs to *keep*, as mine was. And in these affluent circumstances I continued for several days, as rich, generous, and happy as one need be.

One day, not many weeks after, father sent me into the field with a basket of potatoes to plant, himself soon to follow. I was to drop, and he to cover them. Away I went, and to work I went, dropping, dropping, dropping, until the basket was empty. No father. Where was he? I cut across the potatoe-patch, and ran home for the hoe in order to finish the work myself. In the yard I found a man, the very man father always tried to dodge so, and Bossy with a halter round her neck, on the point of being led off. When

father saw me, he turned and went into the barn. "What you going to do with her?" I asked, as the man jerked Bossy along. He looked back, but made no answer. "What you carrying my calf off for?" I angrily demanded, marching after him. "Your calf!" he said, sneeringly. "Yes, it is *my* calf; father said so." "Your calf!" he repeated, and I shall never forget his tones. "What you leading her off for?" I cried, as he drew her farther and farther down the hill; "she don't want to go." "'Tisn't as *she* says, I reckon," said the man in a surly tone. To rush back and ask father what this all meant, was to lose sight of Bossy, and to lose sight of Bossy could not be thought of. "Where you going to take Bossy?" I savagely demanded, my courage rising with the emergency. "*She's mine!*" "She's not yours, youngster," said the man; "she's Mr. Gibbs'. I've just taken her for a debt. I'm the sheriff, and I shall seize you soon, if you don't behave;" and quickening his pace, he tugged Bossy after him.

The sheriff, that unaccountable man so mysteriously connected with the disappearance from time to time of pigs from the pen, lambs from the fold, and fowl from their roost. The sheriff! I stood still, afraid to go on, yet straining my eyes after Bossy. As she was about to make a turn in the road, I cried excitedly, "Bossy, Bossy!" Bossy pricked up her ears and turned round her head. The man gave the halter a jerk, and both disappeared behind the trees, leaving poor me in a burst of passionate sorrow and bitter disappointment.

A little over it, I went in quest of mother. She was in the bedroom. "My dear boy," she said piteously, well divining my feelings. The children soon came running in, but she hushed them away, and we were alone. "Mother," I at length asked, breaking the sorrowful silence, "what business had that man with my Bossy?" "He took her for a debt which your poor father could not pay," she answered sadly. "And can they take any thing for a debt?" I asked anxiously. "Even the house over our heads," she said. "And turn us all out of doors?" "Yes, Amos, though I pray God it may never come to that," said she. "Then I will *never, never, never get into debt*," I cried, "if they can take all you like best to pay for it;" and Bossy's dear image again brought tears to my eyes. It was some time before I could join father in the potatoe-field, and when I did, neither of us spoke. Father looked unhappy, and I minded he did not always seem to know what he was doing.

I could not go to pasture that night. Ben and Neptune fetched home the cows. Neither could I trust myself in the barnyard, nor could I relish my bread and milk, for it was Bossy's mother's milk. Just before going to bed, I crept round the barn and peeped through the fence. There was the old cow, and there "Star," chewing their evening cud in sorrowful loneliness. Poor Bossy, the thought of *her* whereabouts was too much for me, and I made good an escape to my humble quarters in the garret.

This, boys, was my first experience of a debt, and it made its mark on me. I resolved never to get into the hands of a sheriff. If my earnings were not always equal to my wants—and a great many of our wants are fancied wants—"*do without*" is my motto. "*Deny thyself*" is the true principle. When I see young men, and even boys, running up cigar bills, oyster bills, stable bills, bills for dress, I say, Young man, you are on the road to ruin. Begin the habit of running in debt, and it is hard to break it. It will be worse than a chain-cable dragging you down. It will damage your integrity, and make you a mean, dishonest, and lying fellow.

True, I kept clear from money debts; but by and by I found out there were debts of another kind to pay—debts of obedience and gratitude to God, of love and good-will to my neighbor. Had I paid *these?* Alas, no. My conscience enlightened, said *no*, and condemned me. I felt bad indeed, very bad, for I saw it was a long account, and I had nothing to pay it with in the great day of reckoning. Then I saw who Jesus Christ was, and what he had done.

"The ever blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree."

He could blot out my sad score of sins with his own blood. I fell at his feet, and prayed for his help. I found him good security. His word is sure.

For The Child's Paper.

A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A little girl has been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained, and fretted when it shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself, and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us bear or get rid of them.

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is: *Never fret about what you can't help, because it wont do any good. Never fret about what you can help;* because, if you *can* help it, do so. Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only *say*, but *do;* and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials," the children say. Yes, you have, and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But *fretting* don't help them, nor wishing we were somewhere else, or somebody else, or dwelling upon them until they look a great deal bigger than they really are. Did you ever see that fable about the toad and the plantain-leaf?

A toad used to live under a stone beside the brook. He was a pretty fat toad, and got along in the world as well as toads generally do. One day he went out to find something to eat, and hopping out among the green leaves by the creek's side, he heard a rustle among the leaves. He said to himself, "There's a beetle! I like beetles. I'll be quiet and catch him." So he crept along till he got to it, and stuck out his tongue to get him; but it happened to be a *bumble-bee!* He dropped it like a hot coal, and had to cry out in the way toads cry, and hop back to his hole under the stone. He suffered with the pain, and his tongue swelled up, and he was obliged to lie by for two or three days. Hopping back to his home, he plucked a leaf of the plantain, and took it home for his medicine, and put it in his mouth to cure the sting of the bee. He stayed at home for two or three days, and began to get hungry and poor and lean. As he hopped along, he came under the leaf of a plantain, and being very tired and hungry, he stopped under the leaf, and looking up, said, "Oh, what a nice time you plantains have. I should like to change places. Toads have a hard life." The plantain said, "Friend Toad, I should like to change too. I don't see what toads can complain of. I think they must have a fine time of it."

"Let me tell you," said the toad. "In the first place, we have to work for our living, and find all we get to eat; and sometimes, when we think we are going to get a beetle, we get a bumble-bee. Then, again, in winter time we get frozen up, and when we come out, the boys come along and stone us, and the crows pick us up; isn't that trouble? while you plantains have just to sit by the river, and don't have to work. I should like to change places with you."

"Stop; let me tell you my side," cried the plantain. "We plantains cannot hop about as you can, but have to stay put. If we want a drink of water, we can't go to the creek and get it. We can't move an inch to go and see the world and visit our next neighbor. Then, the sun shines hot all day, and we have to bear it, and can't hop under a cool leaf, as you do. Then, by and by, comes along a cow and nips off our head, or a little worm, and eats into our heart, and we have not power to shake him off. I should like to change places with you. You take mine and I will take yours, for I am so anxious to hop down to the creek and get a drink."

"Stay, stay," cried the toad, "I hear a cricket. Let me get it;" and off he went after the cricket—and never came back.

So it appears every body does have trials; and the only right way of getting along is not to wish ourselves somebody else, and fret ourselves because we are not, but contentedly bear our lot, and be satisfied with what God has given us.

For The Child's Paper.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF DOING RIGHT.

"I'm thankful to see you minding your books so, Johnny," said a poor, anxious mother to a stubbed, bright-looking boy who shared the small table and dim lamp with her. Johnny used to like to be off evenings; now he stayed at home and studied, or tried to study. "Because we got the right master now," said he; "he knows the right way of doing right; that's what some folks don't. The master before, he didn't."

"*Right* way of doing right," said his mother; "I didn't know there was a wrong way of doing right; right is right." Johnny looked into the flame of the lamp puzzled. "Yes," he said at last, "there *is*, mother, a wrong way of doing right. I see it as plain as can be." "Tell me," said his mother. Johnny looked as if he did not quite want to tell all that was in his mind, but presently he did. "Mr. Jones, our last master," he went on to say, "thrashed me for being idle, and dodging my lessons and playing truant; and he ought to have thrashed me, I deserved it, and no mistake; but he did it as if he *did n't care;* and so *I* did n't care. I always said to myself, 'Thrash away, old fellow.' He did it as if he was angry, and that made *me* angry. I used to get so mad with him. I felt his smarting on my back, but it was only skin-deep; I did n't feel any sore or sorry place *here*," said Johnny, putting his hand on his heart.

"Then Mr. Jones went, and Mr. Day came. The boys saw in his eye they'd like him. Well, I was at my old tricks again, and after a while *he* had to thrash me. I would n't take another for any thing. He felt so sorry, that what should *I* do but feel sorry too. I felt awfully. I said to myself, 'What a rascal you are to hurt Mr. Day's feelings so;' and, mother, I try to be a good boy in school now. I try hard, *real* hard. Do n't you see, mother, Mr. Day does right the right way?"

His mother did indeed, and she said sorrowfully, "Yes, Johnny, I do"—sorrowfully, for she began to be afraid lest she too had not always done right the right way. A great many may feel afraid so likewise.

One day two little girls got into a violent quarrel. Mary snatched Jane's doll, and Jane struck Mary in the face. Their mother parted them, and tried to settle it. She told Mary to ask Jane's

forgiveness, and to kiss and make up, and be two loving little sisters. They did as their mother bid them, but they did it pouting. The spirit of penitence and forgiveness does not speak with pouting lips or walk with unwilling feet; and these were the feet with which Mary and Jane went towards each other. So there was no true making up, and the consequence was, as soon as their mother's back was turned, the old dispute revived, and

they began to quarrel as bad as before. You see they did right the *wrong* way."

One day there was a loud outcry under our window. We looked out to see what the matter was. A little girl was sprawling on the pavement. "You ran against me, and pushed me down, you, Sarah Barnes, you!" bellowed the child angrily; "I'll tell your mother, and you'll get a licking." Sarah Barnes stopped and went back. She was evidently going somewhere in a hurry, and had not minded where she went. "I didn't mean to," said Sarah; "I am very sorry;" and she began to lift the little girl up. "You sha'n't touch me!" cried the child. "Lizzie, dear, I didn't mean to," said Sarah Barnes sweetly, "and it was naughty in me not minding. I'm real sorry. Do let me brush the dust off your dress." Her voice was so kind, there was no resisting her; so the little girl consented to be helped up, and have the dirt shaken off. "Sha'n't I lead you home, Lizzie?" said Sarah Barnes. "No, thank you," replied the little girl, quite comforted, "I'm not hurt a bit."

Sarah then kissed her, and the little girl kissed Sarah back, and each went on their way cheerily as before. Sarah Barnes, you see, had the *right way* of doing right.

There are a good many parts to right doing. It is like a machine; the wheels sometimes grate on each other, and do not run smooth. They need oiling. What shall we oil them with? The *oil of love*. *That* makes the right way of doing right.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE LABRADOR MISSION FLAG.

On the dreary coast of Labrador waves a huge flag, seen distinctly by homeward-bound vessels. It was sent there with the silver given by children's hands for the sake of God's dear Son. It flutters on a bleak shore, in the icy wind.

You would not like to live where no roses grow, no fruit-trees blossom. When some frozen Norwegians, sailing to a warm southern country, first saw red roses, they dared not touch what they supposed were trees budding with fire. So the people of Labrador are accustomed to see snow and ice many months in the year. Beautiful flowers, growing wild or in garden-beds, would be to them a strange sight. If you should send them papers of flower-seeds, or bulbs, or plants, they could not grow there, it is too cold.

What can you do then to help the Labrador children? The poor half-frozen people there do not know about your Lord. They have no idea of your Saviour. Would you not like to send them some tiny hymn-books like your own, or little Bibles suitable for childish hands?

Some kind people have sent a Christian man to tell them about these heavenly things, and a Christian woman has gone to that desolate place to teach mothers the love of Jesus. On their house this flag is fastened, the flag that was given by Sunday-school children.

You cannot imagine how astonished the sailors were who first saw there a real house. There are no white houses on the shore shaded by green trees; no rows of handsome buildings; the people live in dirty huts half under the ground, and this house, which contains a church also, seems like a palace in their eyes. Under that kind roof some little orphans live, and they are learning,

"While here below, how sweet to know
That wondrous love and story,
And then through grace to see His face,
And dwell with him in glory."

During eight long months in the year no tidings can reach the missionaries; boats cannot go among the fearful icebergs, and the sound of the cars has never been heard on that barren shore.

How much we miss papers and letters if they are detained one day. Then think of that lonely house to which they cannot come for weeks and months. What can they read? When they grow home-sick, and long for some news, they open God's letters to them in his word, and these delight their souls. They know that their heavenly Father remembers them, and loves them with an everlasting love, and that Christ is preparing for them mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The good missionary cannot drive about in a carriage, or ride on horseback to visit his poor parishioners, for he lives on an island; and as he must visit the mainland, ladies in Massachusetts have sent him a fine boat, in which he can row to the neighboring shores, carrying with him tracts, Bibles, and the story of the cross.

When these missionaries were going to Labrador, they were exposed to great perils from icebergs drifting very near the ship; but God took care of them. Sometimes the bay is full of fishing-boats, and these fishermen need to be told of a heavenly Pilot, who will guide them into a harbor of rest.

When you are sitting in your nice church; when you are standing by your teacher's side in the pleasant Sunday-school room; when you are reading by the bright grate, think of perishing souls in Labrador and other frozen or sultry climes, and you will not regret that you have helped to scatter the words of Jesus in lands where Sabbath bells do not ring.

"I AM past my usefulness," said an old lady to her minister; "the Lord spares my days, but I can do no good now."

"You are doing a great deal of good," said the minister. "You help me preach every Sabbath." Of course she was very much surprised. Help her minister preach! Why, how? "In the first place," he said, "you are always in your seat at church, and that helps me. In the second place, you are always *wide awake*, looking right up into my face, and that helps me. In the third place, I often see the tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me very much."

Cannot every little boy and girl help the minister *just so?* How glad the minister would be.

For The Child's Paper.

LIFE AMONG THE ROSES.

In a large garden there grew a little Rose-bush. It never aspired to the high places which the "Queen of the Prairie" filled over the bay-window of the library. It was not as rich as the hundred-leaved rose. It had none of the delicate scent of the sweetbriar. It was only a little monthly rose, and very happy at that; for had it not the blue sky overhead, and the warm smiles of the sun, and the dew-drop and the south wind and the garden fence? And what could a little Rose-bush need more?

To show its gratitude, it put forth a bud. To be sure, "Morning-glory" shut her eyes to it, and the "Queen of the Prairie" looked down; but the rest of the flowers were as smiling as could be, and the little bud grew bigger every day. By and by the gardener came among the flowers with his pruning-knife. He soon spied the little bud. Rose-bush thought it would please the gardener. But what did he immediately do? He clipped the bud off. Oh, it was so cutting.

"What have you done to deserve such cruel treatment?" cried the Pinks and the other Roses in a great huff. The little Rose-bush did not know; it did not ask; only it was comforted by their pity. And as for the old gardener, if he heard, he did not condescend to explain. Nor was this all. The next time he came he fetched a great spade, and stopping before the little Rose-bush eyed it with his great grey eye. It fluttered and quivered, very likely; but it asked no questions, nor complained when he seized and tore it from its bed, and putting it into an ugly pot, bore it off.

"What has it done to deserve such cruel treatment?" cried the Pinks and the other Roses; but they did nothing. South Wind followed the poor little Rose-bush, and did what it could to revive its drooping; for, you may well think, it was quite down at leaving the beautiful garden and the side of Sweetbriar, to live—where do you think?—in a dark hole under the piazza, where the sunbeams, admitted everywhere else, were shut out, nor could they get in any way. It was as much as South Wind could do to get in. Poor little Rose-bush, how could it *help* drooping? By and by it took heart, and tried to stand humbly up, for it will not dive into the mysterious science of "whys" and "wherefores," but only thought, "The sky is so high there must be a great deal I can't understand; yet South Wind steals in and kisses me, so I know love is under it."

After a while South Wind began to take leave, and North Wind came roughing it into the garden. He brought with him Jack Frost. Oh, what havoc they made with the beautiful flowers. Not satisfied with stripping them naked, they bruised and broke them. Robin and Blue-bird took wing; the bees kept at home; and there was nothing but sighing and howling among the trees. It was really awful.

Meanwhile, how did it fare with Rose-bush? Worse off than ever? No. It came out of the dark, and was carried to a lady's chamber. She gave it a warm welcome indeed. It was given a seat of honor at the south window. It is bathed in sunshine. It drinks daily, not dew, but sparkling water drops from little hands. Winter-king, perched on a branch outside, sings in its hearing a cheerful "pee-dee" to the great Creator. Good days, bright days for the little Rose-bush. It is as happy as can be, and its love will overflow in a bud, for love can't help doing. It does not harbor resentment, and say, "I wont try again." It thinks gratefully, "I can but try;" and soon the lady and the little child exclaim joyfully, "A bud! a lovely bud!" And they watch it daily, the little child thinking of the rose hid in its bosom, and the lady with an ever sweet reminding of the Rose of Sharon.

Do you suppose it is ever sorry now for what had happened to it?

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

When the sun has left the skies,
Birdie knows 't is time for sleep;
Gaily to his nest he flies,
No late hours will ever keep.

Never does the birdie say,
When it comes his time for rest,
"I don't want to leave my play,"
And go pouting to his nest.

Birdie sings his evening lay;
God he praises in his song;
He is happy all the day,
Never doing what is wrong.

Birdie hides his little head,
Softly pillowed on his breast;
Rests he without care or dread,
By our heavenly Father blest.

Little children, how do *you*,
When has come *your* hour for rest?
Do you fret, make great ado,
Whine and cry, when you're undrest?

Do you close your little eyes,
With no thanks for tender care
To your Father in the skies,
Thoughtless of your evening prayer?

If you do, hear birdie say,
"Let no murmuring sounds be heard."
Children, ne'er forget to pray;
Learn this lesson from the bird. F. H. H.

For The Child's Paper.

CONSCIENCE.

Mother, there is a little voice,
I know its sound full well,
For often to my soul it speaks:
What is it, mother, tell?

'Tis conscience, child, that in your heart
Is whisp'ring day by day,
That warns you when you're doing wrong,
And points to the right way.

Who gave it to me, mother dear,
That still, small voice within,
That will not let me rest at all
When I've committed sin?

'Twas God, my child, that gave it you;
It was not given for naught;
And Oh, how careful you should be
To mind it as you ought. E.

CHARLOTTE E. RICHMOND'S LETTER.

The children have heard of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and "Little Jane the Young Cottager," and of Rev. Legh Richmond who wrote those beautiful narratives. Mr. Richmond had a son named Wilberforce, whom he dearly loved, but who died in Christ at the age of eighteen. When he died, his little sister Charlotte wrote this letter to her older sister, who was then living in Scotland. It is a beautifully touching letter to be written by a child but seven years old.

"My dear Mary—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I have not forgotten you, for you know I love you very much. Were you not sorry to hear dear Willy was dead? He was asleep, and I did not know that he was dead, and I asked them why they cried so much. He did not look any different, only he looked a little paler, so I did not think this meant dying; but they told me dear Willy was dead, and would never speak to me any more. It made me cry very much too; but poor papa cried the most, and took him up in his arms and kissed him very often; so did poor Fanny, and mamma, and Mrs. Gasking, and it was a sad, sad time; and then papa went into the parlor to tell Legh, for all the others were at church, and papa told him he was crying for joy, because dear Willy was in heaven, and then Legh cried too; but I do not think Legh cried for joy, for he looked so sad and cried so much.

"Papa took us all into the study, and made a beautiful prayer, and thanked God very much for dear Willy's being in heaven, and asked God to let all his brothers and sisters and papa and mamma go there too; and papa told us to pray that God would take us to that holy place where our Saviour and Willy and the baby are, and where they will never die again, and live with God, and be very beautiful and glorious.

"I will tell you what dear Willy said to me when he sent for me on Sunday. He told me to come and kiss him, and he said to me, 'When poor Willy die shall you be sorry?' I said, 'Yes, dear Willy.' He said, 'Oh, but I am going to God in heaven, dear Charly, and you must be a good girl and come to me in heaven; but then promise me before I die, that you wont come out of your room in the morning, or lie down at night, without reading the Bible and praying to God.' I said I would not, and I hope I do not, dear Mary. I want very much to be good, and go to God and Willy in heaven. Dear Willy said, 'I will give you something to remember me by when I am dead, and you must often repeat it: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He said, 'Jesus said this, and dear Charly may come to him, and he will love you, and fetch you also to heaven.' Then he told me to say it to him before he died, and I said it to him, for Fanny had taught it to me a long time ago. I think it is a very pretty one; do not you, dear Mary? I can say a pretty hymn about it.

"Willy died in Fanny's room, in her bed. Sometimes she lets me sleep with her, it makes me think of him so much. They laid him with the baby in the church. . . . . Mr. Yandy told us to look, for it was the last time we should see my dear brother, and it made me cry very much to leave him in that dark place, and so did every body, and papa and Mr. Grimshawe; but they told me he did not see the dark, for it was only his body, and his mind was in a holy, glorious, light place, above the sun a long way, and singing very sweet with the angels, and singing to Jesus Christ on a golden harp, and a golden crown on his head, and shining all over very lovely, and it made Theophilus and Legh and me give up crying; and Ann Palmer taught us to pray to be like him, and to go to him, and then she read us all about Willy and heaven, in the Revelation, and showed me what he sung in the fifth chapter. Will you find it if you have a Bible, for it is so pretty? . . . .

"Write to me, if you please, dear Mary; pray do, and tell me about Willy in heaven. I love to hear of that best. Good-by, dear Mary.

"I am your affectionate, dear little girl,

"CHARLOTTE E. RICHMOND."

For The Child's Paper.

"ROOM UP STAIRS."

A young man thought of studying law, but first he would go and ask the advice of Daniel Webster about it. "They tell me, sir," said the young man, "that the profession is full, and that there are more lawyers now than are needed. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"There is always room up stairs," was Webster's reply.

Room enough up stairs! That is true, for the *first class* of workmen is small, and the demand large. First class farmers, mechanics, physicians, lawyers, ministers, always find a plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. Whatever your calling is, boys, no matter what it is, if it be an honest one, be determined to go into the upper story of it. Put Christian *character* into it. Fear God and do your best. Do not try to rise by a leap or a jerk; you will certainly fall that way. Rather begin at the bottom, and patiently and manfully ascend step by step, stair by stair. Sure of your ground, sure of your way, nobody can push you off then. You have earned your place.

For The Child's Paper.

THE POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

Alexander Wilson was a great ornithologist. What is that? you will ask. An ornithologist is one who knows all about birds. Well, one day a boy caught a mouse, and he thought Mr. Wilson would like to study that, so he carried the little captive to his study. Mr. Wilson was glad to get a mouse. He wanted one to kill, and fix it in the claws of his stuffed owl. But happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and then looked up into his face with such a look of entreaty and terror, that it quite overcame him. "I immediately untied it," he said, "and restored it to life and liberty. Its sufferings reminded me of a martyr at the stake, and small as the object was, I felt the sweet feeling which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

PREACH SMALL.

"Mother," said a little girl seven years old, "I could not understand the minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Wont he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after this her father saw her tripping away. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to the minister's, to ask him to *preach small*."

Lizzie, a dear child in Vermont, wrote us how much she prized our little sheet. But she felt she could not have this pleasure *alone*. The other girls must take it. So one snowy morning she set off to get subscribers. Did she? Oh yes; she got nine, making ten copies. Did not that show what a little girl of seven could do? And so, month after month, they all enjoyed the visits of The Child's Paper.

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